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ONE SHILLING.

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THE KING'S DAUGHTER AS A HOSPITAL NURSE: PRINCESS MARY IN HER UNIFORM AS A PROBATIONER.

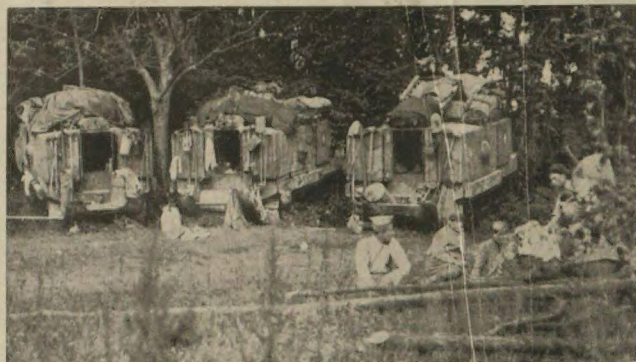
Princess Mary recently began a course of practical nursing at the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street, where she arranged to attend on two mornings a week. Her work consists of washing and dressing the babies and helping in the care of older children. In the Alexandra Ward, where she is on duty, her portrait hangs over a cot named after her. She intends to qualify as a fully trained nurse, just as Princess

Arthur of Connaught is doing at St. Mary's Hospital. Princess Mary holds the highest certificates of proficiency in home-nursing and first aid. Besides her hospital work, she is Commandant of the Buckingham Palace Voluntary Aid Detachment. In her V.A.D. uniform Princess Mary was present with the King and Queen at the great gathering of Women Workers at Buckingham Palace on June 29, in which her detachment took part.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CENTRAL PRESS.

WITH THE BRITISH, AMERICAN, FRENCH, ITALIAN, AND

PHOTOGRAPHS—BRITISH, FRENCH, AND



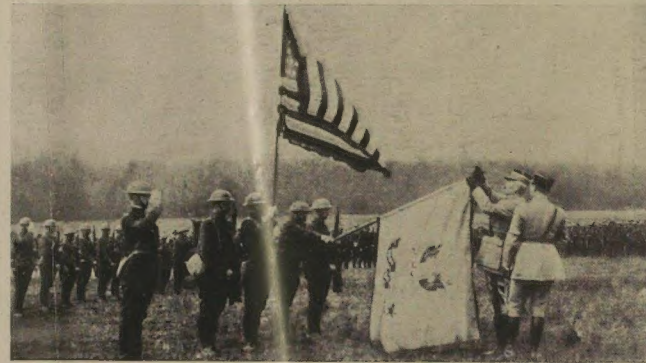
VERY SUCCESSFUL IN RECENT FIGHTING. ON THE WESTERN FRONT. FRENCH TANKS IN THEIR CANTONMENT.



ARAB CAVALRY ON OUR SIDE IN PALESTINE: HORSEMEN IN THE SERVICE OF THE KING OF HEDJAZ.



SAFE-GUARDING FRENCH WORKS OF ART AT COMPIÈGNE: TICKETING. STATUES AND PICTURES FROM NEIGHBOURING VILLAGES.



AMERICAN TROOPS HONOURED BY THE FRENCH: GENERAL PASSACA DECORATING THE COLOURS OF THE 104TH REGIMENT, U.S. ARMY.



FROM	DATE	TIME	LAT.	LONG.
on water attached by 3 Hms				

GOVERNMENT PIGEON SERVICE.
To be taken to nearest Postal
Telegraph Office.

WITH HIS MESSAGE THAT BROUGHT HELP TO A BRITISH AIRMAN IN DISTRESS AT SEA: A CLEVER MESSENGER-PIGEON.



THE GROUND END OF A SEARCHLIGHT ON THE SOMME.

The new French light Tanks, like our own "Whippets," have proved very efficient, and have done valuable service in recent actions on the Western Front, as in the brilliant French local offensive at Cutry. In appearance these small French Tanks, each with a crew of two, are more of the motor-car type than their larger predecessors, though, like them, they have caterpillar wheels. A driver-mechanic sits in front, completely enclosed by armoured protection, with narrow eye-slits in the casing. The gunner, armed with gun or machine-gun, is installed in a central turret which revolves. The Tank itself, which weighs 6½ tons, can turn on its own centre as a pivot. The decoration of the colours of an American regiment—the 104th—with the French Croix de Guerre was a notable event, as showing the high esteem in which the troops of the United States are held by their

ARAB FORCES: WAR SCENES FROM THREE FRONTS.

ITALIAN (NAVAL) OFFICIAL, AND TOPICAL.



FLAME-PROJECTORS ON THE ITALIAN FRONT: LIQUID-FIRE THROWERS OF THE ITALIAN MARINE BRIGADE.



ON THE BRITISH FRONT IN FRANCE: MEN OF THE MACHINE-GUN CORPS AT DRILL—"GALLOPING INTO ACTION."



THE FIRST AMERICAN FLAG DECORATED BY A FOREIGN POWER: THE CROIX DE GUERRE FIXED TO THE U.S. 104TH REGIMENT'S COLOURS.



A DOG OF WAR IN HIS GAS-MASK: AN INMATE OF THE FRENCH MILITARY KENNELS ON THE AISNE FRONT.



A PICTURESQUE SCENE BY NIGHT FRONT IN FRANCE.



AVOIDING FRAGMENTS FROM TWO SHRAPNEL SHELLS BURSTING NEAR: A BRITISH SOLDIER IN FRANCE LIES PRONE.

Allies, notably since their gallant and brilliant exploits at Château Thierry, Belleau Wood, and elsewhere. Those who checked the German rush towards Paris on the Marne, afterwards entrenched along a 4½-mile line between Marigny and Bonnel. Thence they carried out, in the course of some nineteen days, a series of operations on their own initiative, constituting an offensive on a minor scale. Their drive was completely successful, and resulted not only in the capture of 900 prisoners and a large number of machine-guns, but also in the definite establishment of their superiority as fighting men to the Germans opposed to them. In rifle-fire and bayonet work especially the Americans have displayed remarkable precision and skill. Their own confidence, and the confidence of their Allies in them, has been placed beyond doubt by officially recorded facts.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE most sensational thing in the last great speech from the German governing group was a touch of modesty. It was the fact that Kühlmann admitted a doubt about when the war would end, and even possibly about how it would end. None of us are likely to be much impressed with his version of how it began. The present Prussian fashion seems to be to fix the blame on the Government of the Tsar—possibly because the Tsar cannot reply. We may call it the end of the war in both senses. For those who speak thus are vague about the end in the sense of the conclusion; and also vague about the end in the sense of the purpose and the aim. Yet they illustrate a very important truth about the relation of the realities we have to face to the ideal for which we face them.

It may be stated thus—that the more definite is our ideal the more indefinite, in the sense of infinite, must be our patience. You can define how long you will work, if you will be content with anything you can get in that time. You cannot define how long you will work, if you have defined what you are working for. The Allies are not working by time-work, but by piece-work. If we had to name a piece of work as typical, we might well take Poland—a piece which should be their masterpiece. If Poland can be restored in freedom and fulness, it will be a model of the sort of ideal for which men must work and wait—not because the ideal is vague, but because it is precise.

To restore Poland is just; it is expedient—but it is not easy. It will save Europe; it will save England; it is right on every selfish and unselfish calculation except the bare calculation of the war only lasting a certain number of days. If there be any truth in the ethical eloquence we have all heard from our youth upwards about effort, about enthusiasm, about striving for the ideal or following the gleam, here is a concrete and cogent case to inspire the labours and sacrifices that lie before us.

Meanwhile, I must congratulate the *Nation* on having discovered, after four years of war, what the war is all about. The very able writers on that periodical have offered us various solutions as being idealistic solutions—or at least more idealistic than our own. When Lenin and Trotsky had deliberately destroyed the army of their own country—if they have any country—and then gone out to parley with the victorious armies of Prussianism with little pieces of paper in their hands, the *Nation* attributed to them not only a supernatural perfection, but a sort of supernatural power. These two or three wandering Jews were not only to defy Prussianism like martyrs, but to dictate to it like masters. "Ideas are in the saddle," wrote the editor of the *Nation*, "and force will find its limitations." I should like to have his subsequent opinion about what ideas are now in the saddle in Roumania or Ukraina, and what limitations have been found to the force of Potsdam

and Berlin. The common sense of such things is wearisomely simple. There are realms in which ideas and force rule respectively and separately; but ideas cannot expel force from its own realm except by entering that realm. The limitations of force are that it cannot prevent an idea from being an idea, but it can prevent it from being a fact. An idea may be "in the saddle" of its



BRITISH MOTOR TRANSPORT WORK IN FRANCE: IN A STORE FOR THE ISSUING OF PARTS.—[Official Photograph.]

own winged Pegasus in the clouds above, but it does not, as such, prevent some thousands of Uhlan cavalry going wherever they like in the plains below. If it does not matter where the Uhlans go in reality, so long as the ideal remains as an ideal—why, that makes a perfectly logical basis for pacifism and many other things. That is the position of

and revolt as from external intervention and invasion. But exactly what I complain of in a man like the editor of the *Nation* is that he founds his foreign policy on half this idea and not the whole of it. If he were a complete person he would be at least a Quaker, and at best an Anarchist. As it is, he goes a certain way with the war, and then stops because he discovers that it is a war. Thus, in the passage with which I am now concerned, he really does not attempt to deny that the full establishment of a free Poland is just—that is, that it is the ideal which would be in the saddle if ideals were really in the saddle. Then he confronts the fact of force; and it is the ideal that has to find its limitation—"Germany will not give this Poland; it must be torn from her. Millions of boys, etc."

Germany certainly will not give what she ought to give—that is why we happen to be at war with Germany. Being at war with anything is a horrible business, because millions of boys have to suffer for it. But are we or are we not to deduce from this that justice is not to be sought save from those who will give it? If so, let us say so at the start and save ourselves from sacrificing a hundred boys, or ten boys, or one boy. Are we to surrender because the sacrifice must be indefinite? If so, let us surrender before the battle, and not half-way through it. These truisms apply, of course, quite as much to any ideal the *Nation* does desire as to that united Poland which it possibly is doubtful in desiring. Whatever it is that anybody wants—a World State, or a Socialist State, or a League of Nations, or an international obliteration of nations—it might be necessary to fight for it in order to get it, and it would depend on unknown powers how long it was necessary to fight. The logical position is that of the man who will not fight at all to realise his ideal, because he is quite content with

it as an ideal. In no case can he possibly tell how much trouble it will be to make it a reality. There may be something at once tough and intangible, upon its own plane, about passive resistance. But there is nothing whatever to hope or fear from partial resistance. The Bolshevik leaders might have been impressive if they had been impotent. They might have been madmen, but they would still have been martyrs; and it is true that the laurel crown of the conqueror can never eclipse the thorny crown of the martyr. But the *Nation* did not offer the Bolsheviks to us as martyrs, but as a sort of mesmerists. They were represented as men who by some mysterious will power would do the work of armies without armies. The Petrograd idealist was not put forward as a Christian martyr who would prove



BRITISH MOTOR TRANSPORT WORK IN FRANCE: SALVED MUD-GUARDS AND BONNETS FOR RENOVATION AND REISSUE.—[Official Photograph.]

the Thibetan monk, of the Oriental hermit who looks with indifference at wave after wave of Oriental conquest and enslavement—and a very logical position too. It is not a very promising position for the editor of a Radical paper, for it implies abstinence as much from internal reform

his faith by being eaten by lions, but as a lion-tamer who would prevent the lions from eating him. This is the compromise between consistent militancy and consistent martyrdom which the *Nation* really asked us to believe in; and this is the compromise that has collapsed.

ROYAL CEREMONIALS IN THE OPEN: AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. AND G. AND ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



AN OPEN-AIR INVESTITURE BY THE KING—ONE OF A SERIES AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: THE SCENE IN THE QUADRANGLE DURING THE CEREMONY.



THE WOMEN WAR-WORKERS' "SILVER WEDDING" PROCESSION: SECTIONS DRAWN UP BEFORE THE KING AND QUEEN AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

The Investiture held by the King in the quadrangle of Buckingham Palace on Saturday, June 29—one of an interesting series—began and ended on the note of the Victoria Cross. Two V.C.'s headed the recipients of decorations: Sergt. Mountain (West Yorkshires), who, with four men, held 600 Germans at bay for 27 hours; and Private T. Young (Durhams), who went out under fire nine times to dress wounded and bring them in. The final recipient was Mrs. Flowerdew, mother of the late Lieut. Gordon Flowerdew, Canadian

Cavalry, who received her hero-son's Victoria Cross.—The Royal Silver Wedding Procession of 3000 Women War-Workers to Buckingham Palace on the same day is shown in the lower illustration. The sections are seen marshalled in the forecourt in front of the canopied royal stand. After the Royal Address by his Majesty the sections marched past: V.A.D.s, "Women's Legion," W.A.A.C.s, "Wrens" in sailor caps, Land Girls, green-capped Foresters, National Land Service Corps girls, Munitioners, and many others,

BASE-BALL—HOW IT IS PLAYED.

By FREDERIC COLEMAN.

THE American game of base-ball is a fascinating game to watch, whether or not the spectator is an expert. Its great charm lies first in the rapidity of the game, the action in which is continuous. When the game begins, the nine players of the team that has "taken the field" are placed in various positions from which they can most easily co-operate in fielding the ball should the batter, or striker, succeed in hitting it. The positions of the fielding team are stereotyped. This is due to the "diamond," on which the game is played. At one of the angles of the diamond is what is called "home base," or "the home plate." Home base consists of a white rubber square, twelve inches in diameter.

From home base one of the sides of the diamond, which are ninety feet in length, leads to the right to "first base," situated at the next angle. Still on, another ninety feet, lies "second base," in the angle of the diamond that is opposite to home base. The fourth angle, across the diamond from first base, is marked by "third base." Thus the player who runs from home base past first, second, and third, and back to the home plate, makes the circuit. The completion of that round of the bases, and the successful crossing of the home

base thereafter, without having been "put out" during the progress of the circuit, is the object of each player, for each such circuit scores one run, or tally.

Just as the batter's great object is to make a "run" for his side and increase its score, so each of the nine men of the fielding team strive to prevent him from doing so, by endeavouring to "put him out" before he reaches the home plate and safety. There lies the charm of base-ball—nothing scores save the final success of crossing the home plate.

The game commences with the "pitcher," a player corresponding to the bowler in cricket, in his position in the centre of the diamond. He faces home base, beside which stands the batter—a member of the opposing team, which has the first turn, or "innings." The pitcher throws the ball with lightning speed, so that it passes over the home plate. The batter strives to hit the ball. If it passes him, the "catcher" (a player of the fielding team) catches it and throws it back to the pitcher for another delivery. Every ball thrown by the pitcher is accounted for. If the ball goes over the foot-square plate, above the

batter's knee and below his shoulder, whether or not the batter strikes at it, it is called a "strike." Should the pitcher throw wide, or too high or too low, and the batter refrains from striking at it, it is called a "ball." Three "strikes," and the ball not hit, puts the batter "out." Four "balls" gives the batter first base. If the batter hits the ball before three strikes or four balls are called, he runs for first base. Should the ball be caught before it touches the ground, the batter is out. If it is not caught, a fielder must stop it and throw it to first base so quickly that it arrives in the hands of the "first baseman" before the running batsman has succeeded in reaching the base. If the runner gets there first, he is "safe." If the ball gets to the baseman first, the runner is "out."

During the runner's progress the fielders will try to catch him off one of the bases. If a player among the fielders touches a runner with the ball when the runner is off a base, he is "out." No two runners can occupy the same base simultaneously. Three men "out" retires the batting side, which then takes the field. Each team has nine batting "innings," and more, if the ninth finds the score a tie.

MORE ABOUT THE FRENCH FIGHTING POETS.

By E. B. OSBORN.

ALL French war-poetry has a characteristic which serves to remind us that France is the oldest and most seasoned of the fighting nations. To the average Englishman war on the grand scale is a strange and unnatural phase of national life; even now, after nearly four years of an all-in struggle, he hardly realises that he is merely the subject of one of Nature's august experiments. He cannot see the *naturalness* of it all, as the average Frenchman does, whose Republic has been shaped to its present form by two thousand years of incessant warfare. Here and there, in a letter from the trenches, we find one of our fighting men dwelling upon the sad, glad truth that war is a natural thing and inevitable. "These things are natural," wrote the late Ivor Campbell, a Stevenson in becoming, who fell in Mesopotamia. "I suppose we have been fighting a thousand thousand years to a thousand years' peace; hence the beauty of the scene and action as a whole—that beauty defined as something strange, rarefied; our deep passions made lawful and evident; our desires made acceptable; our direction straight."

Yet to most of our soldier-poets these things appear unnatural, unusual, unhuman, and that is

why their war-poems are so utterly unlike those which come from time to time from the French lines, and are so often inspired by a shining certainty that Frenchmen, after all, were expressly created to die for "la douce France." War is as much a process of Nature as Love to all French poets, soldiers or civilians; and that is why Allard-Méens and his fellow-cadets at St. Cyr made a vow, at the beginning of the present dispensation, never to go into action except they were attired as bridegrooms at a military wedding, wearing white gloves and having their *képis* adorned with the *casoar*, or red-and-white dress-plume. And that is why the songs of the French fighting poets are so often a combination, incredible to English readers, of quiet nature-poetry and ceremonial rhetoric.

This characteristic is as evident in the songs of Paul Déroulède, Théodore Botrel, Paul Fort, and other non-combatant poets as in the verse written at the front. It is conspicuous in the contributions of Mme. de Noailles (that undaunted daughter of desires), Edmond Rostand, and other famous authors, to the little trench-journals in which the merits of the "75" or of the bayonet or of a big uncle of a howitzer are celebrated by less skilful

pens. The first two lines from a sonnet by Jacques de Choudens, who travelled from Haiti to join up—

Terres, fleuves, forêts, ô puissances occultes,
C'est votre âme qui bat au bleu de nos poignets—
inspire a thought of devotion to the sacred soil which is always recurring in the poetry of the trenches. The ceremonial aspect of all this verse is conveyed in phrases and whole lines which seem to have been pilfered from Béranger and his contemporaries. But it is the thrilling note of righteous hatred which strikes one most in the later pieces. The "bonne humeur bienfaisante" of the young officers of 1914 and 1915 (not one in fifty is left) has passed away; it could not survive the spectacle of the German's bestial brutality. We are startled to read in an English soldier's book of verse the grim warning—

Never trust a German until he's stiff and dead;
Then chloride-of-lime him, and be careful where you tread.

But this grim reflection is gentle, genial, in comparison with some of the unpublished poems I have seen in which the French fighting poets see themselves executing judgment across the Rhine. These do not merely preach the "Revanche." They are the Revenge itself.

AMERICA'S TRANSPORT MIRACLE.

By ARCHIBALD HURD.

MR. BAKER, the Secretary for War in the United States, stated the other day that 900,000 Americans had already been landed in France. Of course, they are not all combatants, because an army must have many men behind the line. But, whether actual fighters or supporters of the fighters, does not affect the marvellous character of the miracle which America is performing. It may be we ought to speak of two miracles, for the raising of the army was in itself a remarkable achievement. But its growth is nothing like as marvellous as the rate at which it has been transported to Europe since the German offensive began in March last.

An army is not a mere matter of officers and men; it must be provided with heavy guns and light guns, horses and mules, motor-cars, wagons and carts, and an enormous mass of paraphernalia of one kind and another, quite apart from aeroplanes, ammunition, and stores. It has always been calculated that every soldier carried by sea requires about five tons of shipping. Perhaps that statement conveys some idea of the wonderful character of the achievement of the United States, supported, of course, by every assistance which we could give. Behind this transport movement

there has been one of the most perfect schemes of organisation ever devised. The ships had to be suitable for the army, and arrangements had to be made to ensure that when each batch of troops reached its selected port the ships would be ready to embark them.

But that is only one aspect of this triumph. While the transport movement has been proceeding day by day and night by night, the Germans have been attempting to ruin it. They have sent out every available submarine, in the hope of sinking the ships and drowning the troops. The leaders of the German Navy early last year gave what amounted to an undertaking to the German people that, even if the Americans raised an army, the submarines would prevent that army reaching the Western front. There is evidence to show that every effort has been made to keep, at any rate, that pledge. Ruthless warfare has been waged on these transports by the enemy. We have heard little about it, but during the past three months or so the enemy has been waging great defensive operations in the Atlantic and in the Channel. The most skilled submarine commanders have been doing their best to impede the transport movement; but the measures taken by the

British and American Fleets, working in the most cordial co-operation, have resulted in the decisive defeat of the enemy. But when the first transport left America no one could be sure of success, and so, looking back, we may well pay a tribute to the courage of the American troops who set forth across the Atlantic to face unfamiliar and deadly perils.

And now that the American Army in France is passing the million mark, it may be well to remember that it is one thing to transport an army and quite another thing to maintain its supplies. An army needs an enormous volume of shipping always at its disposal after it has disembarked. When a maritime Power lands troops it gives hostages to the enemy. That is what the Americans have done with open eyes. They know very well that they must maintain a stream of shipping across the Atlantic in face of the enemy's submarines. They have not been afraid to confront this responsibility, though it is greater than that which any country has before accepted. The Allies welcomed America's intervention in the war, but the feelings which it aroused in anticipation of the movement of troops will be overshadowed by the wonder which will be excited when the full story of this transportation movement can be told.

GALLANT DEFENDERS OF "LA PATRIE": FRENCH SOLDIERS IN ACTION.



WAR AMID THE CORNFIELDS OF FRANCE: A FRENCH SOLDIER WITH A MACHINE-RIFLE SWEEPING THE COURCELLES-TRONQUOY ROAD—
WITH THE BODY OF A DEAD GERMAN BEHIND HIM.

The gallant armies of France continue to put up a splendid fight against the invaders of their country. Our photograph, taken by a combatant during action, is typical of the conditions under which the individual French soldier fights. The man standing on the right of the little group is firing his machine-rifle at the enemy advancing through a field of corn, while behind him lies the corpse of a German—one of those killed in the first wave of the enemy's attack which had been repulsed. In spite of the advances which

the Germans' preponderance of numbers enabled them to make earlier in the year, the French are fighting with unbroken courage, and their spirit is as dauntless as ever, for they know that time is on the side of the Allies, and that every day brings nearer the turn of the tide. Nor are they always on the defensive. Of their recent victory south of the Aisne, which brought in 1200 prisoners, Mr. G. H. Perris writes: "The troops who achieved the success midway between Villers-Cotterets and Soissons are in high fettle."

JULY 6, 1893-1918—THE SILVER WEDDING OF THE KING AND QUEEN: PICTURES OF '93.

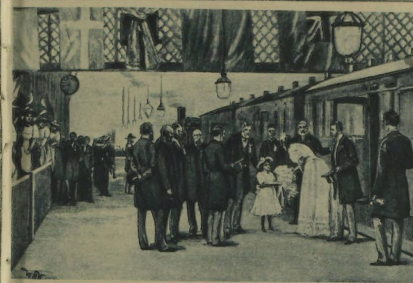
ILLUSTRATIONS NOS. 1 TO 6, DRAWINGS BY "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" SPECIAL ARTISTS; NO. 7, PHOTOGRAPH BY LAVAYETTE.



AT THE OPERA, AT THE ROYAL WEDDING PERFORMANCE OF GOUNOD'S "ROMÉO ET JULIETTE," ON JULY 4, 1893: THE ROYAL BOX.



THE MARLBOROUGH HOUSE GARDEN-PARTY: QUEEN VICTORIA RECEIVING THE GUESTS.



LEAVING LONDON FOR THE HONEYMOON: THE PRESENTATION OF A BOUQUET ON LIVERPOOL STREET STATION PLATFORM.



AT SANDRINGHAM: THE ROYAL PAIR DRIVING THROUGH THE VILLAGE TO YORK COTTAGE.



IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S: QUEEN VICTORIA CONGRATULATING THE BRIDE AFTER THE CEREMONY.



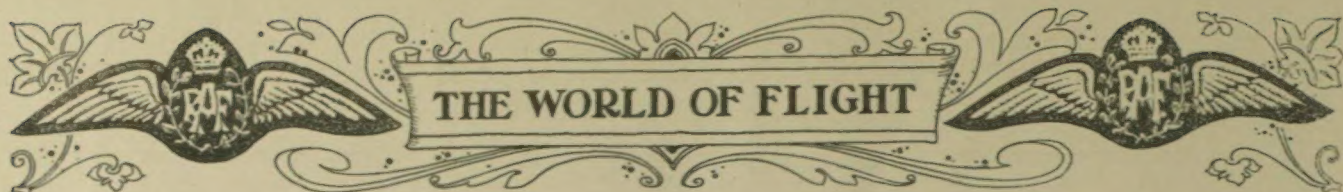
LEAVING BUCKINGHAM PALACE AFTER THE WEDDING BREAKFAST: THE PRINCE OF WALES (KING EDWARD VII) THROWING RICE INTO THE CARRIAGE.



ON THE WEDDING DAY: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK (NOW KING GEORGE AND QUEEN MARY) WITH THE BRIDESMAIDS, OF WHOM ONE IS NOW THE PRINCESS ROYAL, TWO ARE QUEENS, AND ONE IS A CROWN PRINCESS.

July 6 is the Silver Wedding Day of King George and Queen Mary, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the auspicious event of 1893, and their Majesties are attending a Special Silver Wedding Service at St. Paul's. In the illustrations on this page, we reproduce royal wedding-day incidents and scenes from "The Illustrated London News" of July 1893. In the first, the personages are, reading from left to right, the King (then Duke of York); the Queen (then Princess May); the present Grand Duke of Hesse (who had succeeded to the title in the previous year); the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, grand-aunt of Queen Mary (who died two years ago at the age of eighty-four); the ex-Empress of Russia (then Tsarevitch); the late Queen of Denmark; Queen Alexandra (then Princess of Wales); and the late King of Denmark. In the seventh illustration the names (left to right) are: Back row—

Princess Alexandra of Edinburgh (now the Queen of Roumania); Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein (Princess Helena Victoria); Princess Victoria of Edinburgh (now the Grand Duchess Cyril of Russia); the King; Princess Victoria of Wales (the Princess Royal); Princess Maud of Wales (the Queen of Norway). In front are (seated on chairs) Princess Alice of Battenberg (now Princess Andrew of Greece) and Princess Margaret of Connaught (now Crown Princess of Sweden). Seated on the ground is Princess Beatrice of Edinburgh (now Princess d'Orléans-Bourbon of Spain). In the centre is the Queen; and seated on the ground to the right are Princess Victoria of Battenberg (now the Queen of Spain) and Princess Patricia of Connaught.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



OUR MINOR AIR WARS.

By C. G. GREY,
Editor of "The Aeroplane."

SO much attention has been concentrated of late on the operations of the Royal Air Force in France that people are a trifle apt to forget the equally gallant work of the detachments in distant war-areas.

So far as the Near East is concerned, conditions are much as they are in France, except that on both sides the aeroplanes used are not, as a rule, of the very latest type, nor are they used in such vast numbers. For example, in the Balkans and in Palestine the Germans were using the Fokker monoplane long after the Albatros biplane was in general use in France. We, on our side, were using modernised B.E. biplanes in those areas for some time after they had been replaced in the West by Bristol Fighters and de Havillands.

Apropos this custom of relegating the older types to the minor wars, a rather amusing story comes from Palestine. One of the local "star turns" of the German flying troops ("Feldfliegertruppen," as they call them) had just acquired a brand-new Albatros, and considered himself at once to be the King of the Air in those parts. The first day he took it out he met two British machines, which he thought that he recognised as Martinyside "Elephants," an excellent type of machine which was then becoming a trifle out of date. As he flew towards them he climbed rapidly, so as to get the upper berth for his usual dive on to his victim's back. Naturally, when they saw him climbing, the British machines climbed also, and, much to the Hun's annoyance, they climbed as well as he did. So he set to work to climb in earnest, and still those Britishers climbed as fast as ever. Finally, he reached his absolute "ceiling" and could go no higher; and, to his intense disgust, the others went on above him.

Seeing that he was now at a disadvantage, the Hun pilot did the wise thing—pushed the nose of his Albatros down, and dived for his life. He was, therefore, thoroughly alarmed to find that not only did they descend as fast as he did, but they manoeuvred at the same time so as to cut him off from his own lines. Never a shot did they fire; they just shepherd him over the heads of the British Army till he was forced to land on a British aerodrome, where they landed quietly beside him.

So fast did the German dive that he burst an ear-drum. However, despite his damaged ear, the first thing he did when he climbed out of his machine was to go over and inspect the machines of his conquerors. And only then did he discover that he had been up against two of the newest Bristol Fighters, carrying three machine-guns apiece, either of which could have blown him to bits in the air if they had been so disposed.

Certainly nothing could exceed the ingenuity shown by the flying people generally in all these distant war-areas. One of the little campaigns about which practically nothing has been heard is that carried on by the Sherief of Mecca against the Turks in that part of Arabia known as the Hedjaz, which is all the country to the south and south-east of Palestine.

Only recently it was made known officially that a small detachment of the R.F.C. had been

operating in that part of the world. The country is mostly sand covered with thick low scrub, or else bare, rocky mountains. Landing an aeroplane is impossible except where the scrub has been cleared away beforehand; and, as the aeroplanes operate further and further inland, working parties have to go ahead and prepare ground for them. In one instance—merely as an example—a machine came down far from its aerodrome, owing to engine trouble, and, of course, was smashed in the scrub, though the crew were undamaged. It took some days for a gang of mechanics to reach it, with a motor-car carrying



IN THE AIR IN A HANDLEY-PAGE PURSUING A 'PLANE.
Official Photograph.

tools and stores, to salve the engine and other valuable parts. Every day while they were working on it the officer commanding the detachment used to fly over from the aerodrome and drop

but there were swamps and mosquitos and snakes of various kinds, not to mention lions and an occasional rhinoceros. It was some days before the crashed aviators were found by other aeroplanes sent out to look for them. By that time they were without food, and, though they were not dying of thirst, swamp water is not a tempting beverage. As in the Arabian adventure, landing was impossible for the relief-machines. However, they dropped food and cigarettes, and, one believes, a pocket compass, and encouraging messages, and flasks of stimulants. Two or three times a day a machine would come over to make sure that the two tramps were keeping to the right line of country, and finally, after a week or so of hard travelling, the wanderers came into camp, very weary and worn, and pretty bad with fever, but otherwise unharmed.

There is also a story, less well authenticated, of an aeroplane which came down in the bush and disturbed a rhinoceros, who, being mightily offended at this strange thing from the skies which interrupted his meditations, proceeded to dance a sarabande in the middle of the wreck. The splintered spars stuck into even his thick hide, and the tanglement of wires irritated him by refusing to break like the ordinary bush creepers to which he was accustomed; so he finished up by lying down and rolling the whole thing flat. Meantime, the pilot and passenger, thankful to have escaped his personal attention, made themselves scarce, and safely reached their aerodrome.

There is also to be told the whole story of the seaplanes which operated on Lake Tanganyika against the German motor-boats, and how those big machines with their great floats were transported to the lake. Then there is the story of the operations in the rivers along the East Coast of Africa, including the full history of the operations against the Königsberg in the Rufiji River, which has only been told in the studied moderation of an official despatch. One of the minor passages would describe the surprise of a stranded aviator who, on turning up late one evening at the bungalow of the civil magistrate of an utterly uncivilised community, only just released from actual slavery under the Germans, found that functionary dining in solitary state off a white table-cloth, and clad in full evening dress, starched shirt and white tie complete, because, as he said, it was good to impress the *Pax Anglica* on the natives, and also these symbols of civilisation preserved the wearer's self-respect and prevented him from "going Fantee"—otherwise degenerating, *via* dinner in pyjamas, down to the level of the people of the land.

Also there is the whole true story, told recently in part by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, of the seaplane pilot, and his passenger who, being lost in a certain archipelago, were finally found after many weeks by a searching ship, at a time when they had firmly established themselves in the affections of the natives, and had taught the headman of their island and all his people to sing "Hello! Hello! Who's Your Lady Friend?" It is said that, while the aviators were rejoiced at being able to return to active service, they are resolved, when peace comes, to revisit the scenes of their unwelcome conquests.



DUG-OUTS FOR AEROPLANES: SHELTERS TO PROTECT MACHINES FROM BOMBS AND SHELLS ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

Many of the R.A.F. squadrons are very near the line in France, and, as a consequence, piles of sand-bags are employed to protect the aeroplanes from enemy bombs and shells.

Official Photograph.

bags of fresh food and little luxuries for the men. Then, after circling round to see how the work was progressing, he used to fly back home again without landing, for any attempt to land and inspect the job would merely have meant another smashed aeroplane.

Something very similar happened in the East African Campaign, when a two-seater came down and was smashed in the scrub, again without injuring the crew. In this case there was no sand,

"COTTONOPOLIS" A VULCAN'S FORGE: A MANCHESTER WAR FOUNDRY.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. FORESTIER.



MANCHESTER AS A WAR-ARSENAL: POURING A "FLASK" OF METAL IN A FOUNDRY.

As mentioned on our double-page of drawings illustrating the production of shells in the Manchester district, Lancashire has become a great arsenal. "Cottonopolis" itself has taken on the aspect of Vulcan's Forge, since many great factories abandoned their peacetime work for the making of weapons and implements of war. Among them are huge plants formerly used for such purposes as the making of electric dynamos, switchboards,

and various other accessories of electric lighting and tramway systems. Others used to make textile and printing machinery, railway carriages, and motor-cars; while others, again, were once chemical works producing dyes and fertilisers. The above drawing, typical of Manchester's great war-effort, was made at the British Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company's works.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

"LANCASHIRE IS DELIVERING THE GOODS": MUNITIONS

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL



ROLLING SHELLS ALONG THE
GROUND TO BE COOLED,
AT BOLTON.



ANOTHER METHOD
OF ROLLING, WITH A RIGHT-ANGLED IRON ROD
INSERTED INTO THE HOLLOW SHELL.



AT BURY.
EXAMINING THE
INTERIOR OF SHELLS
FOR ROUGHNESSES,
WITH AN ELECTRIC TORCH
LOWERED INTO THEM TO ASSIST THE EYE-SIGHT.



FILLING A MAPNEL SHELL
WITH RESIN, AT THE
VICKERS WORKS, NARROW.

ANTI-TANK SHELLS
LOADED ON A CARRIER,
AT ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.

A NEW ARSENAL OF THE NORTH: SHELL - MAKING

Lancashire under the stress of war has developed into a huge arsenal, and mechanical miracles have been wrought in the conversion or adaptation of all sorts of machinery for the purposes of producing war-material, and in the training of inexperienced hands to manipulate it. When Mr. Lloyd George, as Minister of Munitions, visited Manchester in June 1915, to appeal for shells, there were only some half-dozen firms in the district really equipped for war-production. Since that time Manchester and the surrounding towns have assumed the character of Woolwich. In

IN THE MANCHESTER DISTRICT—SHELL - PRODUCTION.

ARTIST, A. FORESTIER.



A COOLING PROCESS FOR SHELLS, WITH
COVERS PLACED OVER THEM, AT BURY.



PUTTING THE FINAL MARKS
ON SHELLS, AT BURY.



SHAPING SHELLS
BY PRESSING THEM
INTO MOULDS, AT BURY.



ANOTHER METHOD
OF MOULDING SHELLS,
BY HAMMERING THEM
INTO SHAPE, AT BOLTON.

ON A HUGE SCALE IN THE TOWNS OF LANCASHIRE.

In addition to the few big works which made armament before the war, and the rational munition-factories that have been established, hundreds of firms have turned from the making of textile fabrics and various articles of commerce to the production of shells and other war-material, and their total output is enormous. Much of the work is done—done admirably—by women, who, it is said, form 70 per cent. of the number of munition-makers in Lancashire. As an American visitor put it, "Lancashire is delivering the goods."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

PETROL POWER IN WAR: A FLEET OF MOTOR-LORRIES CONVEYING FRENCH TROOPS TO THEIR BATTLE POSITIONS.

DRAWN BY GEORGE SCOTT.

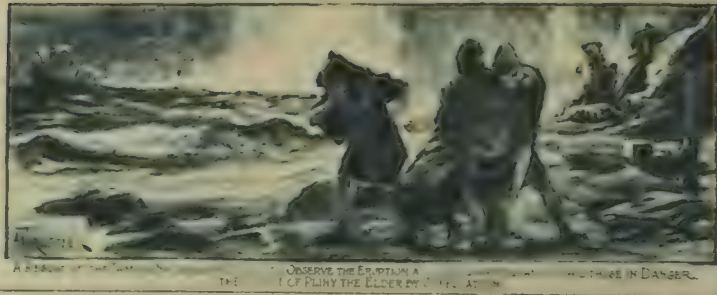


THE MOTOR-LORRY AS A RAPID MEANS OF TRANSPORTING AN ARMY: A TRIUMPH OF FRENCH ORGANISATION—TROOPS LEAVING FOR THE FRONT UNDER A RISING MOON.

The invention of the petrol-engine revolutionised war. Not only did it bring aircraft into the sky, but it also changed profoundly the conditions of fighting on land. Among other things it has introduced the motor-lorry, the armoured car and its off-shoot the Tank, and all sorts of other special cars, including the motor-ambulance. Motor-lorries alone have made an immense difference to the problem of transport, both of men and munitions. The extent to which they are used is familiar even to civilians at home, who see them in hundreds on the road. The French have utilised the motor-lorry with their accustomed methodical skill in organisation. Just as, in the early

days of the war, the taxicabs of Paris took out an army to help win the Battle of the Marne, so now, on a vaster scale, great fleets of motor-lorries convey large bodies of troops from point to point of the fighting front along the roads of France. The drawing shows the process of "embarkation"; while in the background is an endless line of cars, already loaded with their human freight, speeding out "line-ahead" towards the battle positions assigned to the troops they carry. Whole Divisions are thus moved in a few hours, nearly always by night.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada)

SCIENCE JOTTINGS



THAT we are

in for an epidemic of what is called influenza—or at any rate a feverish and highly infectious cold—there seems no doubt. In one Government office forty per cent. of the women workers are down with it, and it has even ventured to attack some of our rulers themselves. Luckily, the complaint—which, as a matter of fact, now recurs annually—is this year of a type so mild as to show that the original virus is becoming attenuated by frequent transmission from one patient to another, and to hold out a hope that in a few more years it may die out altogether. Whether the real influenza bacillus has been isolated, and whether it is present in the sputa of those attacked at the present time, is another story; but till now no case seems to have ended fatally, and there seems less risk of pneumonia or other dangerous sequelae than in previous years.

As to symptoms, they are by now fairly familiar to all. Fits of sneezing—accompanied, like the German lady's tears, with much blowing of the nose—and a sensation of cold, especially in the neck and back, which may cause shivering, are the beginning of the attack. Then comes the actual headache, and a "scrappiness" in the air-passages, followed generally by a regular sore-throat, and at this time the patient's temperature begins to rise.

This is the only symptom by which the laity can distinguish between influenza so called and an ordinary cold in the head; and, speaking roughly, when his (or her) temperature is well above a hundred degrees, the patient will, if he (or she) is wise, send for a doctor and go to bed. By staying there, keeping warm, sleeping as much as possible, and eating little (if any) solid food, three days should see the end of the attack, after which the patient may rise and go about his or her business, with the precaution of keeping well wrapped up for at least ten days longer.

Drugs should not be taken without medical advice in this or any other complaint; but for those foolish enough to doctor themselves, or unlucky enough to live beyond medical aid, quinine, or quinine and ammonia, quinine and cinnamon, or quinine and lemon-juice have

THE INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC.

all in turn been recommended. It is very much a matter of constitution, but the present writer never found quinine, either alone or com-

have the same effect, but even if it could now be got good—which it cannot by some of us—is apt to increase the trouble by preventing sleep.

For that prevention which is proverbially better than cure there is little to be said under existing conditions. Fresh air, moderate exercise, and the avoidance of crowds are all counsels of perfection which in these days of war-work in packed offices, and journeys in tubes, omnibuses, and trams, it is almost impossible to follow. Nutritious, which does not mean excessive feeding, nor living upon a diet of buns, sweet cakes, chocolates, and perpetual cups of tea, will lessen the risk of infection—as will, if Italian medical opinion is to be trusted, a sufficient consumption of good red wine. This last prescription war prices and the efforts of the Liquor Control Board have put beyond the reach of most of us; but for those who are lucky enough to be able to follow it, is worth remembering, even at the risk of offending the more intemperate advocates of temperance.

Generally, in this, as in most other transitory and not chronic complaints, the patient can do more for himself (or herself) than other people—not even excluding doctors—can do for him. The "extreme prostration" which the daily

Press never tires of telling us is one of the concomitants of influenza is very much an affair of the imagination, and may be considerably lessened by the exercise of a resolute will. Lassitude, and even positive weakness in the case of persons of low vitality, are sure to follow the fever of which the rise in temperature is a symptom, and a prolonged stay in bed. But this langour will quickly pass off if the attention is directed to something else; and in this, as in other matters, the mind influences the body. Nothing is more common than to hear in these strenuous times that officers—and, it may be said, doctors—

have no time to be ill; and those who thus talk are speaking more truth than they perhaps know. The constant occupation of the mind can do more to help the convalescent from influenza and any other trifling complaint than all the medicines in the world.

F. L.



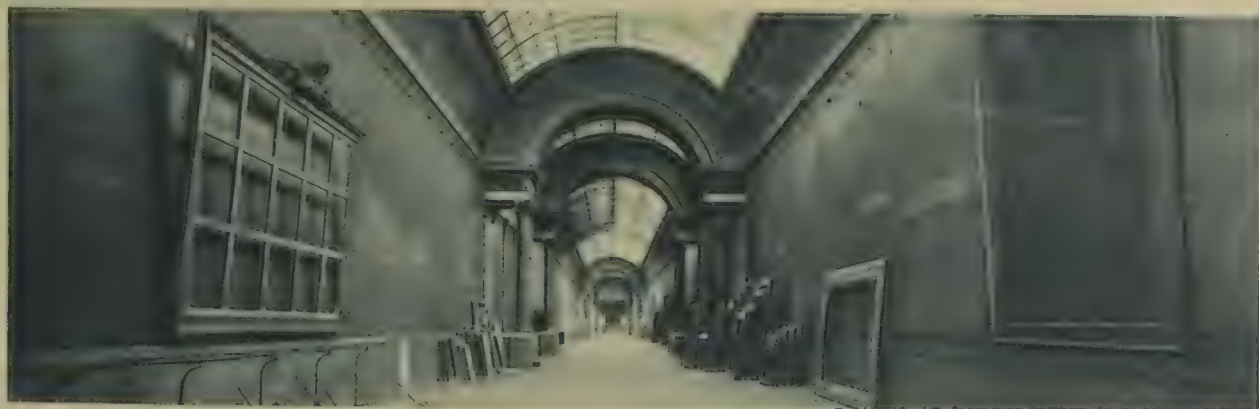
WITH THE CHINESE LABOURERS IN FRANCE: STILT-WALKING AT AN ENTERTAINMENT BEFORE BRITISH TROOPS.—[Official Photograph]

bined with other nastinesses, do him the slightest good in the circumstances described. Phenacetin, now called acetanilide, will relieve the headache, but wants care in its exhibition; and it is better



WITH THE CHINESE LABOURERS IN FRANCE: THE DRAGON PARADE AT AN ENTERTAINMENT BEFORE BRITISH TROOPS.—[Official Photograph]

PARIS UNDER BOMBARDMENT: SAFEGUARDING LOUVRE TREASURES.



IN THE GRANDE GALERIE: THE WALLS NOW BARE AND STRIPPED OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS MASTERPIECES OF THE ITALIAN, SPANISH, BRITISH, AND FLEMISH SCHOOLS.



WHERE THE MOST WONDERFUL STATUE OF THE WORLD STOOD: THE PEDESTAL WHENCE THE "VENUS DE MILO" HAS BEEN REMOVED.



THE SAND-BAG SCREEN OVER A SUPREME MASTERPIECE OF EARLY HELLENIC SCULPTURE: THE COVERED-IN "VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE."



CANVASES IN PROCESS OF BEING TAKEN DOWN, OR BEING REMOVED FROM THEIR FRAMES: IN THE SALLE FRANÇAISE DU XIX. SIÈCLE

Now that aerial bombardments of Paris by German aircraft are of frequent occurrence, while the German long-range guns intermittently send shells into the city, the Louvre has been temporarily stripped of its treasures. Our illustrations show what is being done with certain masterpieces, and in the galleries. The Grande Galerie, an immense apartment, 410 yards long, contains masterpieces of all the great Masters.—The Louvre

"Venus de Milo" is, of course, unique among the sculptures of the world.—The "Victory of Samothrace," hardly less famous, has been described as "perhaps the finest existing work of early Hellenic art." It represents Victory standing on the prow of a trireme, sounding the battle-trumpet signal.—The Salle Française du XIX. Siècle contains masterpieces of modern French painting.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WYKHAM, SPEIGHT, ELLIOTT AND FRY, WESTON, WHEELER, DUTT, SARONY, LAMBERT, JENDEY, LAFAYETTE, THOMSON, SANDMURST STUDIO, LANGFIER, ARMY AND NAVY AUXILIARY, A. DEBENHAM.



CAPT. JOHN E. V. RATHBONE,
Dorsetshire Regt. Son of Mr. G. P. Rathbone, Grove End Road, St. John's Wood, N.W. Previously wounded.



2ND LIEUT. CHARLES F. HARTLEY,
Coldstream Guards. Son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Hartley, Rickfield, Finsford Green, Mentions in despatches.



CAPT. ERIC FULTON HARVIE, M.C.,
Gordon Highlanders. The second son of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Harvie, Kingsmead, Bidston, Cheshire. Had served with distinction, and was killed in action on June 15.



2ND LIEUT. R. G. SIMMONS,
Royal Fusiliers. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Simmons, of Little Somerford, Chippenham, Wilts. Killed in action.



FLIGHT-LIEUT. ROBERT CHRISTOPHER PACKE,
R.N.A.S. Elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Vere Packe, Celderton Hall, Norfolk, and Falkland Islands.



CAPT. WALTER ALEXANDER TYRRELL, M.C.,
Flight-Commander, R.A.F. Son of Alexander John Tyrrell, ex-Royal Engineer, and of Mrs. Tyrrell, London, Co. London.



BRIG.-GEN. FREDERICK WILLIAM LUMSDEN, V.C., D.S.O., C.B.,
Royal Marine Artillery. Son of the late Mr. J. F. Lumsden, Indian Civil Service.



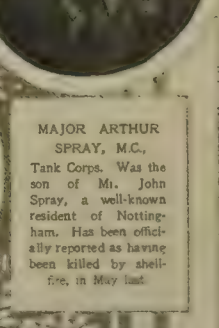
CAPT. J. A. NORMAN HESSLER,
Durham Light Infantry. Elder surviving son of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. M. Hessler, Wyndcliffe, Devon, Cornwall.



CAPTAIN D. V. MULHOLLAND,
Australian Machine Gun Corps. Has been officially reported as having died of wounds while on active service.



MAJOR FRANCIS SHULDHAM WATSON, D.S.O.,
R.G.A. Second son of the late Colonel John Whaley Watson, Bombay Political Department, and of Mrs. Watson, Swainswick, near Bath.



MAJOR ARTHUR SPRAY, M.C.,
Tank Corps. Was the son of Mr. John Spray, a well-known resident of Nottingham. Has been officially reported as having been killed by shell-fire, in May last.



CAPT. IVAN C. MACLEAN, D.S.O., M.C. (AND BAR),
R.A.M.C. Son of Major-General H. J. Maclean, Rifle Brigade. Awarded D.S.O. after the Battle of Ypres, 1917.



CAPT. WILFRID H. C. BROWNLOW,
Northumberland Fusiliers. Son of Colonel and Mrs. Cecil Brownlow, The Old Well Cottage, Forest Row, Sussex.



CAPT. ALAN BLACK,
City of Dundee (T.) Engineers. Son of the late Mr. David Black, of Petrograd, and of Mrs. Black, Dundee, and husband of Mrs. Black, Sidcup.



2ND LIEUT. ARTHUR HYDE HILLS,
Hampshire Regt. Youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hills, of Westbury, Ryde, Isle of Wight. Has been officially reported as having been killed in action.



CAPT. VICTOR FRANCIS CARR,
R.G.A. Eldest surviving son of Mr. and Mrs. Mansel F. Carr, Grosvenor House, Blackheath. Killed in action.



CAPT. DUVALE ASTLEY,
R. Berkshire Regt. Son of Mr. and Mrs. H. D'O. W. Astley, of Hungerford, Berks. Mentioned in despatches.

Waring & Gillow's JULY OF SALE OF LINENS—DRAPERY—CHINA & GLASS

Now Proceeding.

LINEN BARGAINS.

Owing to the enormous success last season of our Jacobean design Down Quilt we decided to have this reprinted and now offer this same quality as before, with wide borders extra well filled, pure down; Sateen bath suite with plain border, in various shades.

6 by 4 ft. Usual price 57/6 Sale price 39/6

6 by 5 " " 49/6

Down Quilt covered in Printed Sateen with border of plain colour, reverse Sateen; wide border extra well filled.

6 by 4 ft. Usual price 115/6 Sale price 84/-

6 by 5 " " 147/- " 105/-

6 by 6 " " 175/- " 126/-

Reproduction of Filet Lace Bedspread.

85 by 95 ins. Usual price 22/9 Sale price 16/9

Bedspreads in two designs of beautiful reproductions of Filet Lace.

76 by 100 ins. Usual price 27/6 Sale price 16/9

90 by 112 " " 29/6 " 21/9

Reproduction of Filet Lace Bedspread.

90 by 100 ins. Usual price 27/6 Sale price 21/9

Charming design in Lace Bedspread. A copy of old Filet Lace.

90 by 100 ins. Usual price 42/- Sale price 29/6

Exceptional Offer.

100 doz. Hemstitched Cotton Pillow Cases.

Usual price 1/11½ Sale price 1/6½ each

Splendid value in Irish Damask Table Cloth.

Usual price 10/6 Sale price 8/6 each

62 by 62 ins. " 17/9 " 14/9 "

Table Napkins to match. Usual price 22/9 Sale price 18/9 doz.

CHINA & GLASS BARGAINS.

Dinner Ware.

In finest Staffordshire Earthenware. A beautiful Sevres design of pink, combed and forget-me-nots on a pale cream band, edged with a black and white check border with a wide plain border. 12 and 15 pieces.

Dinner Service.

52 pieces Usual price £3 15 0 ... Sale price £3 0 0

47 " " 29 2 0 " £4 12 6

1st " " 29 2 0 " £7 12 0

Tea Service to match in China, for 12 persons.

40 pieces Usual price £2 2 0 ... Sale price £1 12 9

Breakfast Service, for 6 persons.

29 pieces Usual price £2 2 0 ... Sale price £1 12 9

Single plate 1½, to cup and saucer 1/9, breakfast 2/9.

Post free.

The Specimen Items are merely examples of the value to be obtained.

WARING & GILLOW LTD

Furnishers & Decorators
to H. M. the King

164-180 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W. 1.

DRAPERY BARGAINS.

Damask and Tapestries.

15 part pieces of 50 in. French Striped Broadcloth in Green, Blue and Rose colours.

Usual price 7/11 yd. Sale price 4/11 yd.

3 pieces of 50 in. Green and Rose Damask, pretty Basket design.

Usual price 4/11 yd. Sale price 2/6 yd.

20 pieces of part pieces of 50 in. and 50 in. and Cotton Damasks, at 50 per cent. below to-day's prices. These are lines which we cannot repeat.

36 Reversible Chenille Table Covers, in one size only, 2 by 2½ yds.

Usual price 37/6 ... Sale price 21/6.

These covers are made from waste Chenille, and are all over mottled ground, and artistic in effect, and excellent for wear.

Lace Curtains and Curtain Nets. Scotch Nottingham Lace Curtains.

Usual price.	Sale price.	Usual price.	Sale price.
6/11	4/11	14/11	10/11
6/11	6/11	14/11	14/11
5/11	5/11	19/11	19/11
8/6	5/6		

Usual price.	Sale price.	Usual price.	Sale price.
1/6½	1/6½	2/3½	1/6½
1/3½	1/3½		1/11½

Blue and White Cotton Nets in various designs.

Usual price 1/2½ ... Sale price 10½d.

" 1/6½ " " 1/0½

" 1/11½ " " 1/4½

Border, 1½ yds. Curtain Nets in various designs.

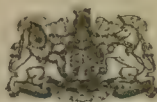
Usual price 1/3½ ... Sale price 10½d.

" 1/6½ " " 1/0½

" 1/11½ " " 1/4½



Fine quality Platinum and Diamond Watch, with Diamond Shoulders, on Black Metal Silk Strap, £2135



By Appointment to
His Majesty
The King.

THE Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company are constantly showing new designs in Watch Bracelets, of which they have the largest collection in London. The Company's Watch Bracelets are of highest quality, and are better value than those offered elsewhere at the same prices. A selection can be sent if desired, or a catalogue posted free on application.

The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company have no branch establishments in Regent Street, Oxford Street or elsewhere in London—or abroad—only one address: 112 REGENT ST., LONDON, W. 1.

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Cut and finished by London specialists.

BURBERRY R.A.F. KIT

is made by experts in cloths woven and proofed to withstand rough wear and weather.

BURBERRY'S supply Uniforms, Weatherproofs, Leather Coats, British Warmes, Fur Undercoats, Caps, and every detail of R.A.F. dress and equipment, to measure or ready-to-wear at reasonable prices.

BURBERRY KIT, made in special Burberry-woven and proofed cloths, provides an effective safeguard against wet or chill without the use of rubber or other airtight material, and, whilst lightweight, is the warmest and most comfortable equipment for facing the atmospheric conditions of varying altitudes and climates.

**Officers' Complete
Kits in 2 to 4 Days
or Ready for Use.**

SERVICE WEATHERPROOFS.
During the War Burberry's Clean and Re-proof Officers' Naval and Military Burberry Weatherproofs FREE OF CHARGE.

BURBERRYS Haymarket S.W. 1 LONDON
Boul. Malesherbes Paris; and Agents

SUMMER SALES.

THE one-week sale at Harrod's, from July 8 to July 13, promises to be the biggest in the record of this great house. Fortunately for the purchasers, it might be said of Harrod's that, once within the walls of the great building in the Brompton Road, S.W., the rule is always business without bustle, and an all-pervading magic of method. The Sale Catalogue, which should be sent for at once, shows how comprehensive this sale is. Clothes and furnishings, household requisites and beautiful linen, millinery, dresses, blouses and coats, boots and shoes and weathercoats, china and antique and modern furniture, things to wear and things for the house, from corsets and carpets to cigars, appeal to everybody. "Spunjama" silk-warp shirting for ladies', gentlemen's, and children's wear, beautiful in colour and soft yet strong in texture, will make wide appeal; and there are bargains in every department, from the famous "Dorrah" underwear to coats, suits, and skirts.

In so huge an assemblage of bargains it is almost impossible to refer to individual prices, but just a few typical ones may be mentioned. The afternoon gowns, such as the "Prudence," in biscuit crêpe-de-Chine, for instance, reduced from 6 to 4½ guineas, is an embodiment of grace, and can be had in a variety of colours; and the "Peggy," in striped voile, with Georgette front, in blue-and-white, black-and-white, and other colours, will be very popular at the same price; as, too, will the "Dorothy," a gown in dainty crêpe and various colours, reduced from 6½ guineas to £4 19s. 6d. The "Elena" washing suit in black-and-white striped piquet is very smart, and good value at 59s. 6d.; and a country walking skirt in heather-mixture tweed is a bargain at 18s. 9d. The weathercoats range from 35s. 9d., and are useful as well as smart; and the millinery, from a real Panama hat, with black corded ribbon band and bow, at 12s. 9d., to a charming large black liserie straw hat lined and crown-swathed in Georgette in white or colours, reduced from 49s. 6d. to 39s. 6d., is invariably in good taste. In fashionable furs, too, the variety and the reduced prices are tempting; and of blouses innumerable there is not one which is not moderate in price and stylish in cut and material. Lingerie is another important feature; and the "in-expensive frock" salon is a popular section.

Lovers of beautiful colours and equally beautiful designs always welcome an opportunity of "picking up" the lovely fabrics associated with the name of "Liberty," and they will be glad to know that the Summer Sale at the famous art-fabrics house in Regent Street will begin on July 15; and, as it will end on Saturday, July 20, they will wisely lose no time in obtaining some of the bargains offered. These include many slightly soiled pieces and remnants of both dress and furnishing fabrics, such as silks and satins, velveteens, dress cottons, voiles, crapes, tapestries, brocades, cretonnes, chintzes, linens, etc., all

and in glass, they are offering a fine selection of things, all of them useful and many of them beautiful, and all offering the tempting condition of heavy reductions in prices. Last season a Jacobean design down quilt was so much in demand that many ladies will be glad to know that it has been reprinted, and that Messrs. Waring and Gillow are able to offer the quilts again this year at the sale prices of 39s. 6d. or 49s. 6d., instead of 57s. 6d. and 69s. 6d.; and others, of satin, are 84s., instead of 115s. 6d. There are also fllet lace bedspreads: one, for instance, 85 by 95 inches, is 16s. 9d., instead of 22s. 9d. Exceptional bargains are offered in cotton pillow-cases, and in Irish damask table-cloths and napkins.



CLIMBING ON TO A FASTER VEHICLE, FOR SWIFT CONVEYANCE: A CATERPILLAR "GOING ABOARD" A MOTOR-TRACTOR.—[French Official.]

distinguished by the inimitable *cachet* of Liberty colour and design. The stock of after-season model blouses, day dresses, tea gowns and dressing gowns, hats, bonnets, and children's frocks, will also be offered at temptingly low prices, and are all in perfect taste.

The familiar axiom that the useful and the beautiful are one finds its manifestation, and justification, most frequently in matters concerning home and home life, and that is why such a sale as that which, under the title of their "July Sale," now being held by the famous house of Waring and Gillow, Ltd., at 164-180, Oxford Street, W., is always so popular. In linens and drapery, in china

or its catalogue sent for, without delay. A woman's "fruit-picker's outfit," of coat and trousers, is decidedly cheap at 18s. 6d.; rain-coats can be bought for 35s. 6d., post free; useful black oilskin coats for 25s. 6d.; and becoming storm-hats in various colours for 4s. 10½d., post free. These are but a few of thousands of bargains, and the Sale List also contains a great variety of what are aptly described as "practical bargains for practical people," comprising many items in men's, youths' and boys' outfitting, camp equipment, sporting guns, rifles, and fishing tackle, household utensils, china, and a host of other things which will well repay a visit to Gamage's or an application for their illustrated Sale List.

The big Summer Sale at Gamage's, in Holborn, is this year more comprehensive than ever, and the low prices at which the various items are offered cannot fail to prove attractive. It is now in progress, and should be visited,

or its catalogue sent for, without delay. A woman's "fruit-picker's outfit," of coat and trousers, is decidedly cheap at 18s. 6d.; rain-coats can be bought for 35s. 6d., post free; useful black oilskin coats for 25s. 6d.; and becoming storm-hats in various colours for 4s. 10½d., post free. These are but a few of thousands of bargains, and the Sale List also contains a great variety of what are aptly described as "practical bargains for practical people," comprising many items in men's, youths' and boys' outfitting, camp equipment, sporting guns, rifles, and fishing tackle, household utensils, china, and a host of other things which will well repay a visit to Gamage's or an application for their illustrated Sale List.

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"Come and Help Us."

IN Rheims stood a mill, now burnt to the ground. It cost half-a-million sterling, and nothing but charred sticks remain. Multiply this one-thousandfold and you get some slight idea what Rheims has suffered. Think then of the vast area of France that is occupied by German invaders, and picture the frightful desolation that reigns in the most prosperous districts of France. That is why France needs your help, and needs every penny you can spare to alleviate the sufferings of those who have now been driven from their ruined homes once more. She has fought and given her best not only to protect her own lands, but to protect England, for France is now England's bulwark. Help to make France's Day one of hope and new courage to win through to Victory. Give liberally, for it will save suffering.

FRANCE'S DAY, July 14

To be celebrated in London on Friday, July 12.

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"Mystérieuse"	-)	5/- & 9/4
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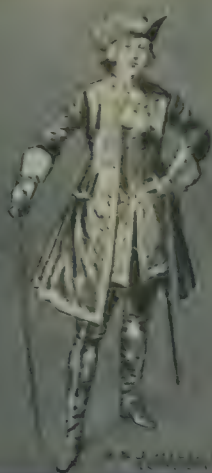
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VEGOCOL, and FREEMANS FOOD PRODUCTS, LTD.
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Freemans FOOD PRODUCTS

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LITERATURE.

'War Letters of a Public-School Boy' (Cassell) were written by Lieutenant H. P. M. Jones, an Old Alkington, who was killed advancing

with his Jani north-east of Ypres in July 1917. A long memoir prefacing them by his father, Mr. Harry Jones, is a somewhat unusual tribute in the circumstances, as justified by the personality of the son which it assists the letters to reveal. Paul Jones was a big, robust, athletic figure brimming over with vitality of mind and body, who when the war broke out was still at school, which he left, to join up, with a distinguished career in scholarship and in games.

The volume leaves on the reader a strong, vivid impression of buoyant and brilliant youth, a subject so typical that it is a service to have fixed in print its lineaments as only pious affection, perhaps, could do. It was also proper, let us add, to emphasise in the title and

the memoir Lieutenant Jones's association with his school, for the constantly recurring references to Dulwich College in the letters themselves are a remarkable testimony to its admirable formative influence, and to the splendid spirit engendered in the public day school. Lieutenant Jones, though physically and mentally equipped beyond the average, suffered from the disqualification of myopia. Consequently his application for a commission in the infantry was refused point-blank, and he was given one in the Army Service Corps. This, as it happens, lends variety and freshness to those letters which describe his early campaigning, even though they reflect the chagrin which one of his ardour and sensitive sense of duty felt at being kept out of the fighting line. When from being Requisitioning Officer to the 9th Cavalry Brigade—where his accomplishments (his fluent French, for example), if not his inches, got free play—he was promoted to be Supply Officer, Cavalry Division Supply Column, he came by new experiences from which the reader benefits; but the "grocery" nature of his duties galled his spirit, and he made the determined effort to get transferred which resulted in his being appointed to the Tank Corps. Thereafter, until a sniper's bullet cut him off less than six months later, he exulted in the change; and his letters home, as the Memoir says, "sang with joy."

"The Glory of the Trenches," work, "The Glory of the Trenches" (Lane), Mr. Coningsby Dawson ought to add largely to the host of admirers and appreciative readers whom he rallied to his standard, so to speak, with his masterly and enthralling earlier book, "Khaki Courage." In America the popularity of "Khaki Courage" has, we are told, been quite phenomenal. The same intensity of genuine feeling runs through both books—one is in its way, indeed, in point of fact the complement of the other. "The Glory of the Trenches," it would seem, was written after the author had been wounded in France;

partly while he was in hospital. Its retrospective thoughts and musings, as the writer during convalescence recalled things he had heard and seen, give it an interest of its own. Its message, furthermore, rings clear and appealing throughout. Of the three sections, or chapters, in which the letter-



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: A FISHING COMPETITION BETWEEN NURSES ATTACHED TO HOSPITAL BARGES ON A CANAL IN FRANCE.—[Official Photograph.]

press is grouped, that entitled "God as We See Him"—from the battlefield soldier's point of view, that is—should appeal to most people closest of all, and should find not a few to whom the author's narratives may incidentally bring comfort and encouragement. More than one moving tale of true Christ-like heroism on the part of many of our men is told—instances of heroes deliberately sacrificing their lives, calmly and well knowing what was before them inevitably, for comrades in peril. "The religion of the trenches," to quote the concluding paragraph of the book, "is a religion which teaches men to carry on stoutly, and to say 'I've tried to do my bit as best I know how. I expect God knows it. If I 'go West' to-day, He'll remember that—remember how I never let a pal down and how I played the game. . . . That is the simple religion of the trenches as I have learnt it—a religion not without glory—to carry on as bravely as you know how, and to trust God without worrying Him."



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THE PLAYHOUSES.

THE BARRIE MATINÉE AT WYNDHAM'S.

IF all charity matinees brought us such delights as that at Wyndham's last week in aid of the Countess of Lytton's hospital, how welcome they would be! Only too often such performances are associated with amateur acting and poor plays. Lady Lytton had no fewer than three Barrie pieces to offer us at her matinée, and all of them representing their author in happy if varied mood. First came a ballet of children, in which, to the joy of many fond mothers present, babes and youngsters little more than babes romped in dainty costumes to explain "The Origin of Harlequin." Then came the sort of genial, lightly sketched war-play we take so much for granted from Sir James Barrie because it seems done in such an

on lovers only just married, and the clumsy delicacy with which still hungry, they back out of the situation—or rather, imagine what a Barrie makes them do, with his inimitable touch of comedy, especially with the aid of such artists as Mr. Gerald du Maurier, Mr. Will West, Miss Helen Morris, and M. Jules Delacré. Then came something bigger—something much more difficult even for a Barrie to bring off. "A Well-Remembered Voice" handles with gentle fingers the loss of young life at the front and the desire of the bereaved to know that all is well with their dead. It begins with table-rapping, the father sitting unbelieving while others try the machinery of spiritualism; it ends with a talk *à deux* between this startled father and the young voice he so much misses—just a talk about simple little domestic things, sport and dogs and father's pipe, and cheery words of comfort and affection. Beautifully managed, it is beautifully played by Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson, Miss Faith Celli, and Mr. du Maurier again. A memorable afternoon!

"THE KIDDIES IN THE RUINS," AT THE OXFORD.

The rollicking Bairnsfather play at the Oxford now contains a part that, so far as its spirit is concerned, is larger than the whole. For the dramatisation of M. Poulbot's cartoon of French child-life in war-time, "The Kiddies in the Ruins," is no piece of humorous idealism, but a picture of war in all its actuality. While his children in their Somme village play amid the relics of Hun savagery, prancing like their enemy or making believe to be the Kaiser, a tragedy is all prepared and waiting for their father on the march with his comrades. But though the discovery he makes of their mother's fate makes him

see red, they go on with their play. Truth here supplies its own moral.

"SOLDIER BOY," AT THE APOLLO.

In "Soldier Boy" Mr. de Courville has struck out a new line, and should meet with reward for his taste and his

enterprise. The new musical comedy at the Apollo tells a real story, has moments of pathos in it as well as of sentiment, offers us songs that are really sung by genuine vocalists, and provides comic scenes that are really comic

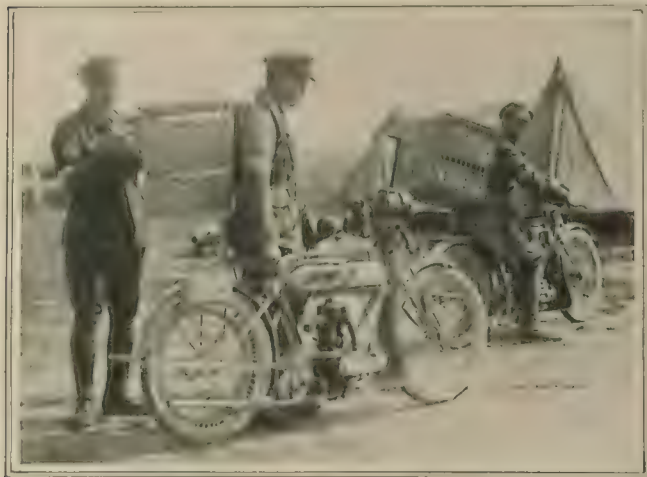


THE NEW MEMBER FOR CLAPHAM: MR. HARRY GREER.

Mr. Harry Greer, the new Member for Clapham, is an excellent addition to a Parliament in which knowledge of the world and exceptional business capacity are valuable assets. He is the Chairman and controlling spirit of Messrs. H. and W. Greer, Ltd., an important business house with branches in many parts of the Empire, and it was he who introduced the manufacture of rubber into the Far East. He is also a sound Imperialist, a good sportsman, and an ardent Freemason. Mr. Greer has been seven times round the world, and has an intimate knowledge of foreign and Colonial needs and conditions.

Photograph by Bertram Park.

and relevant. Musical comedy that admits of being so described is a rarity in these days, just as is a cast at a lyrical theatre which contains so dainty an actress-singer as Miss Winifred Barnes and a tenor of such capabilities as Mr. Lawrence Leonard. The latter is a "find," and Miss Barnes, it is pleasant to see, has lost none of her vivacity. The comedians score, too, at the Apollo, including Miss Maisie Grey, Mr. Fred Duprez, and—particularly droll in the rôle of a dude—Mr. Billy Leonard: it makes all the difference when entertainers have not to make bricks without straw. Here we have the sort of light fare that deserves popularity.



THE BRITISH ARMY MESSENGER-PIGEONS IN FRANCE: HOW THE BIRDS ARE SENT UP TO THE LINE.—[Official Photograph.]

effortless, and therefore perfect, way. It is a contest in "La Poltesse" between two hungry Cockney soldiers and an embarrassed young French couple on whose instincts of hospitality they make a call. Imagine the dismay of the Cockneys when they find they have intruded



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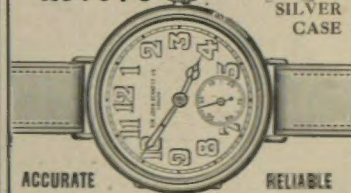
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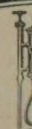
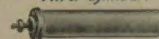
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Cars and the
Luxury Tax.

The Committee which is charged with the duty of reporting to the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the subject of the Luxury Taxes has, I am told, decided that motor-cars must be classed as luxuries, and will recommend that they be subjected to the tax of 16½ per cent. on their selling value. The case against their inclusion in the schedule of "luxuries" has been well and ably presented by deputations representative of all shades of motoring opinion, but so far the Committee remains obdurate, and it looks as though the car will eventually be victimised by another swingeing impost, additional to the already very heavy mulcts which have to be paid for its use.

It is a curious fact that there are very many people who are apparently unable to see any other car than the "lordly limousine," and cannot realise that there are other self-propelled vehicles than those which minister to the mere comfort of pleasure-seeking society. They are utterly unable to appreciate the argument that probably ninety per cent. of the cars normally in use in this country are not pleasure cars at all, but are literally entitled to be classed as utility vehicles. I suppose I can review my own case as illustrative of the general use of the car. In the ordinary way—I am speaking of times of peace—I keep a car primarily for the purposes of business. Were it not of such importance to me in that direction I should not own one at all, for the very excellent reason that I could not afford the expense as a simple matter of pleasure. True, I use the car at the week-end for purposes not directly associated with business—as I often use my season ticket. But that does not alter the fact that the real reason I incur the expense of keeping a car and of buying a season ticket is that I must have both in order to proceed about my lawful occasions. And I would dare to wager that at least three-fourths of the cars in use are owned by people whose circumstances are absolutely on all-fours with my own. Now, when it comes to super-taxation of the utility vehicle I really think we have a right of strong protest. It is not as though we did not

already pay heavily enough as it is. There is nothing that is so heavily penalised as the ownership and running of a car. There is the car tax to begin with, and that is heavy enough as a start. Then there is the Excise tax on petrol, which at its present level must put an average of a penny a mile on the expenses of running—and I cannot see it being reduced, even after the war. And now we are to be called upon for yet another heavy item of taxation, represented by anything from £50 upwards on the cost of the vehicle! Unless other counsels prevail even yet, I can foresee that motoring is going to suffer very severely by reason of this piling of tax upon tax.



IN MESOPOTAMIA: A VAUXHALL FORDING A RIVER.

One of the difficulties which have to be surmounted by our cars on war service is illustrated here, a Vauxhall 25-h.p. car being shown fording one of the twenty-six rivers which have to be crossed in a seventeen-mile run in a part of the Mesopotamian war area.

The Magneto
after the War.

I was under the impression that we were going to be completely independent of the foreign—and particularly the German—magneto after the war; but I see that the Committee on Commercial and Industrial Reconstruction after the War appears to propose that import of enemy-made magnetos shall be free "after an initial period of five years; unless it is found necessary to issue licences permitting limited import." What does it mean? Is this key industry to be allowed, under the limited import licence recommendation, to fall into the hands of Germany

again? That the latter will make desperate efforts to regain the monopoly of the trade almost goes without saying, and that the Committee should recommend the opening of a door through which the Germans would unquestionably find a way to enter is disquieting. I am certainly not going to open anything like a discussion of tariffs *versus* free trade, but it does appear that, in the case of key industries which have been established here since the war, and which were an enemy monopoly prior to its outbreak, there is a clear need for such a measure of protection as will enable them to solidify their position under peace conditions. Given that, there will be no need for import licences, limited or otherwise.

"Natalite." For some years past a company in Natal has been engaged in the endeavour to produce a satisfactory motor-fuel from molasses; and, after many vicissitudes, it appears, according to the *Board of Trade Journal*, to have met with a considerable measure of success. A first instalment of 10,000 gallons has been placed on the market, and is to be followed by another of some 20,000 gallons. The product, which is called "Natalite," is a mixture of alcohol and ether in the proportions of sixty per cent. of the former and forty per cent. of the latter; and, when tested three years ago by the *Autocar* in this country, gave results which were not distinguishable from those obtainable with petrol, as regards both starting and ordinary running. To the British motorist the matter is one of rather detached interest at the moment. It is satisfactory to know that such a fuel can be produced commercially. In fact, it is of capital importance, since it denotes that we have, all ready to our hands, an inexhaustible source of fuel supply from vegetable products—a source which will be maintained so long as the sun shines. But until the Excise authorities withdraw from their present attitude regarding the sale of commercial alcohol free of duty, I am afraid the future of such fuels as Natalite is but slight. If I remember aright, Excise difficulties were encountered in South Africa when the Natalite Company first proposed to market its product as a motor fuel; but these have, apparently, been overcome. W. W.

Daimler

FREEDOM.

THE efforts of the Daimler Company in the fight for freedom will make a worthy chapter in motoring history. From the commencement of the war the production of war material in ever-increasing quantities has been its sole aim. Brains and brawn have given of their best without stint. A high standard of loyalty has prevailed.

THE freedom of the world will come, and with it a new sense of the freedom of the open road. Nature will be very sweet in those days, and the smooth and silent Daimler Motor Carriages will be the ideal means of reaching those beautiful places of old association which now seem so far away.

The Daimler Company, Ltd.
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SKILL

The Indian's perfect mastery in the handling of his canoe is an example of what can be accomplished by practice. One miscalculation, and his frail bark would be smashed on the rocks, and himself hurled to destruction.

Wood-Milne

Motor Tyres

also furnish an instance of the perfection in technique that can be obtained by arduous and constant research.

Fit Wood-Milne All-British Tyres and steer clear of the "rapids" of the road—Bursts and Skidding

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Use Vitafer to supplement your meat ration. It helps you to "carry on" as nothing else can.

SHORTAGE OF MEAT!

Vitafer contains five times as much protein as Meat. Its tonic properties also keep you fit and fully nourished in these days of stress and strain.

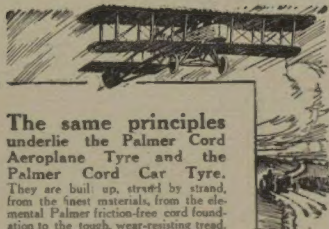
From a Fleet Surgeon.

"I tried Vitafer myself and have much pleasure in testifying to its efficacy as a Tonic Food. This opinion has been corroborated in all the cases of male patients to whom I have prescribed it."

Do not go on working day after day in an overtired state; it means breakdown. Vitafer taken three times a day will quickly restore your old-time strength & rebuild your nerves.

The amount of nerve making, blood making, and flesh forming food in a tin of Vitafer is wonderful.

Sold by all Chemists in 1/6 and 2/6 tins, larger sizes 4/6 & 7/6. Substitute is as good. Test sample can be obtained by mentioning this paper and sending 2d. in stamps to the Sole Manufacturers: SOUTHALL BROS. & BARCLAY, LTD., Lower Priory, BIRMINGHAM.



The same principles underlie the Palmer Cord Aeroplane Tyre and the Palmer Cord Car Tyre. They are built up, strand by strand, from the finest materials, from the elemental Palmer friction-free cord foundation to the tough, wear-resisting tread. Nothing is left to chance.

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Made in all sizes, with the original three-ribbed rubber and the steel-studded tread.

Write now for the Booklet 'Palmer, Petrol, and Power,' which gives fully detailed proof of the TEN PER CENT. PETROL SAVING.

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SIX-CYLINDER MOTOR CARRIAGE



AS the Ancient Fanes of England speak to us of the sound and enduring craftsmanship of their Builders, so does the Six-Cylinder Napier impress us by the stability of its construction.

"Silence bestows a virtue on it."

*Merchant of Venice.
From Country World, May, 1918.*

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THE WORLD'S PROVED BEST CAR.

Orders now received for the Napier Post-War Model.

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You will even be better looking by taking Carter's.

They cure Constipation, unclog the liver, end indigestion—biliousness and dizziness.

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That soiled Dress or Costume that you have looked out preparatory to Spring or Summer wear. Pullars' will remove all soil marks and stains, freshen up the material, and give it almost the finish which it had when new. Send to any Pullar Branch or Agent, or post direct to—PULLARS'

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have used this most economical Dentifrice with utmost satisfaction. A few drops produce a most refreshing lather and cleanser, rendering the teeth white, and arresting decay.
Also put up in Powder form.
Absolutely BRITISH.
Why not give it a trial?

A NEW NOVEL.

CHESS.

"The Children of Eve."

"The Children of Eve" (Hutchinson) contrives, in a book of three hundred and sixty pages, to keep alive the interest in a very simple plot. It marks a definite advance on the part of Mrs. Isabel Clarke, who must be reckoned as having "made good" by its publication. Sincere work is always commendable; but when the subject is a duel between the powers of good and evil, it is only too easy to oppress the spirit of a novel with too much earnestness, and it is noteworthy that Mrs. Clarke has escaped this difficulty. Perhaps the art of the setting has something to do with her success. The pictures of the old palace in Florence, the manor house of Stones, in the Cotswolds, and the Guises' villa at Fiesole are charming. So, too, are the portraits of Catholic gentlewomen to be found in the Marchesa San Raimonde and her beautiful daughter, Markham Procter, the weak, handsome man, is a poor fellow, and his wife is much too good for him; their creator plainly anticipates that Markham returned to the fold will be a model husband, but we cannot share her optimism. The man was a moral coward, and—as shown by his dealings with the little Carla and her adopted parents—a liar in his silences, if not in his words. Bad as Adrian Guise may be—the fanatic apostate who tries to lure Markham from his loyalty to his wife and the Church—there is something more despicable in the wretched Markham's double-shuffling and perfidy. A happy ending, however, is not to be quarrelled with, and "The Children of Eve" ends on the note of reconciliation between Markham and his wife.

It is good to think that despite the widespread sorrows of the war, the cry of the children is never found to fall upon deaf ears in this country. But the fortune of war cannot fail to affect adversely the incomes upon which institutions for helping those who need help, and such has been the case with the Infant Orphan Asylum, at Wanstead. It has received more than five thousand orphans belonging to middle-class families in reduced circumstances, and to-day its reduced income is coupled with increased expenses. Some £25,000 is urgently needed to put it once more upon a sound financial footing, and Mr. John W. Hope, of Drylaw, South Woodford, makes an urgent appeal for donations. He is the Hon. Secretary, and it is very desirable that his appeal should meet with prompt and generous support.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

G STILLINGFLEET-JOHNSON (Cobham).—We congratulate you, and we shall have pleasure in publishing the problem in our next issue.

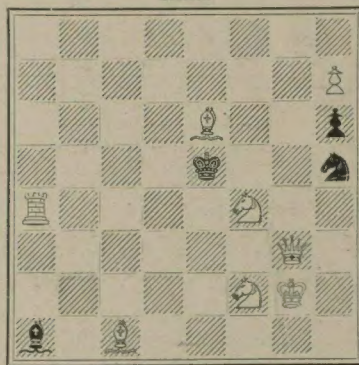
H F L MEYER.—We thank you for further problems, which are very acceptable.

M WIFFEN.—We shall be pleased to answer your questions through the column, but we cannot reply by post.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3786.—BY T. KING-PARKS.

WHITE
1. Kt to K 2nd
2. Kt to B 7th (ch)
3. B take. Q (mate).
If Black play, 1. Q to B 8th, 2. Q to K 4th (ch); and if 1. Q to Q 6th, then 2. Q to Q sq, e.c.

PROBLEM No. 3789.—BY T. KING-PARKS.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 3784 and 3785 received from J B Camara (Madeira); of No. 3786 from R C Durell (France); of No. 3787 from Captain Challice (Great Yarmouth), J C b Verrall (Ridwell), N B C (London), E perantito (Angers), G S Rie (Stone-lave), J Isaacson (Colwyn Bay), J C Stackhouse (Torquay), F J Ruter (Newcastle), and F Sime.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3788 received from D S Illiglet Johnson, J C Stackhouse, A H H (Bath), G Soile, J S Rie (Brighton), J Fwiler, M E Oskow (Bournemouth), F Drakeford (Braintree), J Richardson (Newhaven), F A Truscott (Forest Gate), H Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), W L S Lusbury-Whilly, Prebendary Wyne Wilson (Hereford), H S Brindreth (Weybridge), W L Morin (Aldershot), J Laason, J Dixon (Colchester), and M Wileas (Liverpool).

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in a Tournament of the Roche Chess Club, between Messrs. SEARLE and CHAIKES.

Scotch Defence.

WHITE (Mr. S.) BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to K 4th P to Q B 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to B 4th
A departure from usual practice, with nothing to commend it. As a matter of fact, it ultimately leads to the loss of both Bishops and game.

15. Kt to Q 4th Kt to R 4th
16. P take P P take P
17. R to Kt sq Kt to B 5th
18. Q to K 3rd B to R 3rd
19. Kt to K 2nd Kt takes Kt (ch)
20. Q take Kt Kt to Q 6th
21. B take P

An ingenious resource, which, for the moment, seems to equalise the position; but Black cleverly retains command of it, and gains a piece at the cost of two Pawns.

22. B take P (ch) R takes B
23. Q to K 3rd Kt to R 4th
24. P to Q 4th R to Q B sq
25. R to Kt 4th R takes P
26. Q to K sq Q to B 2nd
27. P to Kt 2nd R to B 7th
28. P to K 5th Kt to Q 6th
29. P take P Q takes P
Black wins.

Now that the "flu" is more or less prevalent, aided in its disagreeable work by anxiety and worry, it is well to know of a disinfectant. A remedy may be found in "Sotol," used as a mouth and throat bath and as a nasal douche, thus disinfecting the important and sensitive upper air-passages. Gargling and rinsing may stave off a threatened attack. "Sotol" is put up in tablet form in bottles of forty or more. A tablet is dropped into a half-tumblerful of warm water. It effervesces in an agreeable manner. Local chemists keep "Sotol" at 1s. 6d., 2s. 9d., and other prices; or they can be obtained, post free, by writing to The Western Dental Manufacturing Company (1914), Ltd., 74, Wigmore Street, London, W.1.

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Renews Youth.



LIFE'S WEAR AND TEAR.

The human body is a delicate and complicated machine, whose regular functioning depends chiefly upon the regular circulation of the blood through the intricate maze of blood vessels, the motive force being provided by the heart.

Unfortunately, the human machine, like any other machine, suffers from wear and tear, so that the waste products so produced obstruct the free circulation of the blood. Circulation is more difficult on account of the blood being rendered viscous, and also because the vessels become hardened by the impurities deposited, and transformed into the semblance of "clay-piping." The normal channels of elimination of these poisons also become gradually less adequate to their functions. Lastly, the heart itself fails.

It is therefore necessary to keep the blood in a perfect state of purity and fluidity, to regulate arterial tension, and to eliminate the poisons that are liable to clog the vessels. These are precisely the effects obtained by the regular use of URODONAL, which is recommended by Prof. Lancereaux, late President of the Paris Académie de Médecine.

URODONAL not only dissolves and eliminates uric acid, but also the poisons, which are even more dangerous. It stimulates the kidney functions, accelerates circulation, and removes deposits from the tissues and joints. Unlike salicylates, iodides, and colchicum, URODONAL is absolutely harmless, this being a rare virtue in so powerful an agent.

Dr. J. L. S. BOTAL,
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To sufferers afflicted with Rheumatism, Gout, Calculosis, Migraine, Eczema, Obesity, and Acid Dyspepsia: take courage, for URODONAL dissolves uric acid as easily as warm water dissolves sugar, and secures its complete elimination. Thanks to URODONAL the obese regain their normal proportions, the weary take on a new lease of life, and the worn Society woman regains and retains a clear and healthy complexion, through the blood-purifying properties of this preparation. URODONAL is the great discovery of the century and is a boon to all; it is the secret of perpetual youth; the means of salvation for the thousands of victims of uricemia.

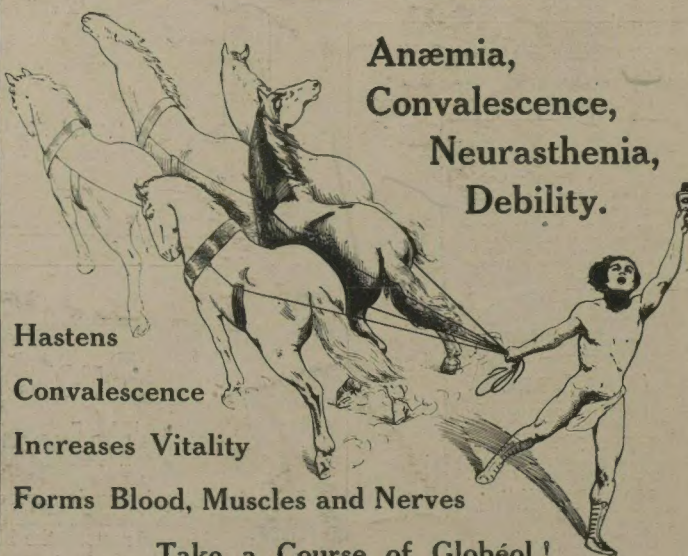
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Forms Blood, Muscles and Nerves

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